

# JOB NOTT's humble 'A

## P R E F A C E.

**M**R Cousin John's Book *having met with great encouragement, I have been emboldened to state a few thoughts of my own, and though they be done in an aukward way, yet as they are Facts, honest and well-meant, I hope they will be equally well received. The same man that stopt and corrected my Cousin's will do mine, and therefore I hope they'll be understood.*

*Yours to command,*

J O B N O T T.

## ADVICE to fundry Sorts of PEOPLE,

*By JOB NOTT, Buckle-maker, First Cousin to JOHN NOTT, the Button Burnisher.*

### And First to You, FRENCH EMISSARIES.

**Y**OU are sent here to sow sedition, pull down our VIRTUOUS KING, destroy the best Constitution in the world (the envy of all nations) and so breed Confusion, lack of Trade, Poverty, and Bloodshed, that we may be reduced to as poor a state as yourselves; and so not be able to keep your nation in awe, as you know we always have done.—My advice to you is to be off whilst your shoes are good, and when we want you, we will send for you.

### New fashioned restless DISSENTERS.

YOU are very few in number, and mostly Youth who have been lectured by the *Doctor* and his little Tribe (the more the pity!) you don't like to live where a KING lives—you prefer a Republic.—My advice to you is, to be off to America directly, where there is no King, and plenty of room for you.

### Old fashioned moderate DISSENTERS.

I pity you, because all people don't discriminate between you and the other sort.—My advice to you is, shut your ears against their impertinent prate, and let the world see the difference, stand forward and enroll your names to support that Constitution, under which you have lived happy, slept securely, and got your fortunes.

### C L E R G Y.

TO prevent crimes, is better than to punish them: The more virtuous a nation is, the fewer crimes they will commit.—You are, or should be, the Ambassadors of God, stationed here to teach men their duty, and to persuade them to lead good and peaceable lives—You are the Shepherds, and we the Sheep.—My advice to you is, look sharp after the flock, and if one goes astray, don't wait for his returning of his own accord, but bestir yourselves as good shepherds should do, follow him, and bring him back to the fold.

### W E A L T H Y I N H A B I T A N T S.

YOU are in earnest to support the KING, and that glorious Constitution which has protected you, whilst many of you have risen from the lowest situations.—My advice to you is, to shew your gratitude by supporting that Constitution which has supported you; that other poor industrious men may be protected by it, whilst they rise in the world as you have done; and I also advise you to be moderate in all your measures, and try to heal the breach between you and the *Old-fashioned Dissenters*, in order that BIRMINGHAM may be that unanimous loyal place which it always was remark'd for all over the world.

### B R O T H E R A R T I F I C E R S.

**DON'T** let us be by Mr. PAINE, who tell us a great many truths in his book, in order to move off his. We know that an imperfect Dye won't make a perfect Button or Buckle—just as we can't have Angels, but imperfect beings, like ourselves, to form Constitutions, and make Laws, how can we expect perfection. There is no dear friend (if we have reason to love him, ever so well) but that we may pick faults in, if we are so minded.—The truth is, that there is not in the whole world, such a rich, happy, and powerful nation as Great Britain; all other nations are afraid of us, and now they want to breed a disturbance to make us poor, miserable, and weak, that we may not be able to drub them as usual when they are saucy—the fact is, *they don't like the Master*. There is not in the universe, a nation where the poor may (by their own industry) rise in the world as in England; the poorest man cannot be injured in the least, without obtaining redress. We have long enjoyed that Liberty and Equality which the French have been struggling for;—in England, ALL MEN ARE EQUAL; all who commit the same offences, are liable to the same punishment. If the very poorest and meanest man commits murder, he is hang'd with a hempen halter, and his body dissected. If the richest Nobleman commits a murder he is hang'd with a hempen halter, and his body dissected—all are equal here. The Nobility and Clergy all pay taxes in proportion to their property and manner of living; and what use would it be of for us poor Artificers to make Buckles, Buttons, and a thousand fine things, if there was not Nobility and Gentry to wear them when we had done. We are all a Chain—Buckle-maker has ordered it, that the Rich can't do without the Poor, nor can the Poor do

# Advice, with a Postscript.

consequence, that its petitions and remonstrances are instantly attended to by the King and his Ministers. I have heard that Sir Robert Lawley should say, that when ever he waited on Mr. Pitt on Birmingham business, he never was suffered to wait a moment; it was only to announce the Warwickshire Member, and the doors flew open directly. Seeing then that all these things take place as I have mentioned before, don't you think my Brother Chips, that we are in the right box—a thriving people beloved by a popular Minister. There may be many things that want rectifying, I don't pretend to say there is not, and there is no doubt but that they will be rectified in time. Rome was not built in a day. Mr. Pitt seems very attentive to the interests of the nation, and to this town in particular; and if he was not so much bothered about Test Acts and such nonsense, he would have more time to see what was wanted to be put upon a better footing. These Jacobines grudge the King his allowance; they tell you how much he has a year, but they don't tell you how much he has to pay out of it to the nation's servants; they put every thing the worst side outwards, in order to answer their own purposes; they want to get into power themselves, and a pretty set they would be; I suppose Mr. Paine would like to be Paymaster, and I dare say he wouldn't pocket any cash.

TO sum up my advice, I have read a good deal about it, and have considered it a good deal, and my opinion is this, that we are going on prosperously and happily. And shall we be made uncomfortable by a few impertinent Jacobine Emiffaries? Forbid it every honest man, who has one single guinea's worth of furniture in his house to defend. These Jacobines in general have no cash; and there is about a hundred notorious thieves who are well known in town, who would be very happy to do their dirty work, and kick up a riot for the sake of the plunder. These thieves are the very meanest of the human race, who hide themselves all day in bad houses, and sally forth at night to commit the most pitiful robberies. They will even break into the house of a poor family who are out at work, and steal an old shirt or a pair of stockings. Let us then, my Brother Artificers and Gentlemen of the Town, watch these Jacobine Emiffaries, and consult our own and the Nation's prosperity, by conducting ourselves soberly and peaceably, being all of one mind and one heart, and so frustrate their evil intentions. And when we get hold of a Tankard of good Birmingham Ale, let's make ourselves merry, and shew our Loyalty by drinking such Toasts as these:—

*The King and Queen, and may all that succeed them be as virtuous as they are.*

*The British Constitution, and may they that don't like it, leave it.*

*Unanimity, Peace, and Prosperity to the Town of Birmingham.*

*Confusion to the Plans of all the Jacobines.*

Then (in the Tune of 'Behold this fair goblet')

*'Let's all join in drinking—Confusion to These*

*'Who, tho' Englishmen born, are yet Englishmen's Foes.'*

And conclude with the good Old English Song,

**GOD SAVE GREAT GEORGE OUR KING, &c.**

AND that all things may work together for the best at last, to promote Love and Friendship amongst us all—prays

J O B N O T T.

## POSTSCRIPT.

### WEALTHY CHURCHMEN.

THE moderation with which you conducted yourselves yesterday at the meeting obliges me much, and will everlastingly prove to the whole world, how ready you are to shake hands and live at peace with the MODERATE DISSENTERS.—My advice to you is, to go on in the *spirit of love and moderation* towards your Dissenting Brethren, and use your influence with others, to extinguish all *Party Spirit for ever and ever.*

### MODERATE DISSENTERS.

YOU have also obliged Poor JOB by your conduct yesterday, and as both parties have acted right so far, there is no doubt but that you will both go on to tie a firm knot of *Love, Friendship, and Harmony.*—My advice to you is, to use all your influence to extinguish *party spirit*, so much so, that Old Grievances should not even be the subject of conversation. There are, I know, one or two hot-headed men on both sides, who have with the aid of a few Old Maids, Gossips, and Debating Boys, kept up the Ball too long, and would longer if they could, and therefore I must speak to them.

And first to you Young DEBATING Gentlemen.

YOUR time is much engrossed by learning to make fine speeches, and you are frequently seen at the Looking-glass a studying attitudes, you are more choice about the *manner* than the *matter*, and you don't care what you say, so you can be thought a *nervous bold fellow*,—but, mind, I don't address you *all* thus, but to *some of you* I must say, Hark'ye—come a little nearer to me, and I will tell you what all the Town knows but yourselves—you are laughed at as conceited assuming Coxcombs—My advice to you is, not to waste your day time to study speeches and attitudes. If you can speak well enough to speak at a Town's Meeting, its quite enough for you. You wont be Parliament men I dare say. Then mind you your fathers and your masters business, that so orders may go off quick, which will please the customers and encourage more to come, to the great benefit of yourselves and us Poor Artificers.—And Hark'ye again, don't go any more to the Library (as I hear you have done) writing your impudence and nonsense, for fear you should meet with a Rap o' the Knuckles.

### OLD MAIDS.

MANY of you go canking about from house to house, telling *Fibs*, and multiplying things—and so thynesses and coolnesses are conceived in families—and this paves the way to anarchy and depopulation.—My Advice to you is, to get good Husbands, and then you will be employed, 'tis to be hoped, in *conceiving better things*—and please always to make it a rule to tell a *little less* than you hear.

COCKING UP BOTH EYES

## WEALTHY INHABITANTS.

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## BROTHER ARTIFICERS.

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Let us suppose every Man in England to be possessed of Ten Shillings on Christmas-day next, none more nor none less, do you think all would be equal on New Year's day? No: the idle Man would have spent his money and have none left; but the industrious Man would have doubled his. I tell you Mr. Paine, and all you Jacobine set, it won't do. Its a take in; but we are up to you, and are not to be done over with your *fa la ther*. In France the people were not equal. The Nobility and Clergy paid no Taxes, but all the Taxes were paid by the working part of the Community. If a French Nobleman (of whom there was a hundred times as many as there are in England) I say if a French Nobleman run his sword thro' his servant's body, it was easily managed without punishment. If the poor people were run over in the streets of Paris by the furious driving of a Nobleman's coachman, it was as difficult to obtain the least redress, as it is to get out of the way, for you must know there are no foot-paths in Paris. The streets are paved from one side to the other, all over alike, just as the bottom of Peck-lane is. In short, they would not have been paved at all but for the convenience of the coaches, for the Tradesmen were every where scouted, and the lower classes of people hardly thought worth protection. No wonder then that they rebelled and punished their Oppressors. How different is the case in England! Here every protection is afforded to the *Lower* as well as to the *Higher* Classes of Men. Even the little circumstance which I mentioned respecting foot-paths is worthy attention. In London, in Birmingham, and in many other places, there are foot-paths to protect those whose turn it is not yet to ride; where no carriage dare molest them under pain of punishment. This, I say, shews a proper attention to the sinews of the State—I mean the industrious Poor. BLESSED ENGLAND!!! And in it, where is there a town so forward to do good as this Loyal Town of Birmingham. It was well said of us by a Foreign Writer, "*That Birmingham Men deserved to get rich, because they did so much good with their money*." The *Blue Coat School* is an honour to this Town, the *Hospital* is an honour to the County of Warwick, but to this Town in particular. The *Free School* is an honour to King Edward, who founded it. And the *Sunday Schools* are an honour to our gracious Queen Charlotte and Mr. Raikes, who promoted them. And many other Blessed Charities there are, and still more I find there are soon to be—A Dispensary, as they call it, I see is a going to be established. I can't help admiring the beginning of the proposal, because it is full of kindness towards us poor working people, and therefore I shall copy a bit of it, as here follows: 'In this Country, distinguished for opulence and humanity, it is an agreeable task to shew how the superfluities of wealth may be directed to the relief of disease and poverty; that the lower ranks of society may suffer no calamity which sympathy can alleviate, and that the opulent may not be deprived of an opportunity of feeling the real luxury of doing good.

'IN this Town, particularly where the industrious poor constitute so great and useful a part of the community, and where labour is so well rewarded, that nothing but health is necessary to procure an ample subsistence, how to assist them the most effectually and at the smallest expence, when disqualified for employment by sickness, becomes an important inquiry.'

HOW do these things fill the hearts of the poor with joy? how must it cheer the spirits of poor pregnant women? to find that they will soon have the comfort to be attended by an experienced Gentleman of the Faculty, and delivered free of expence at their own houses. How happy must every poor man feel, to find that they who labour under such dreadful diseases as the Putrid Fever, Small Pox, and many others which cannot be admitted into the Hospital, will have the best medical advice and assistance at their own houses: God bless the man, say I, who proposed it, which I hear was one Doctor Milne. For my part, I remember with gratitude the generous conduct of our Town Gentlemen (both Churchmen and Dissenters) a few years ago, when trade was flat and the winter hard—I mean when above a Thousand Pounds was subscribed in a day or two, to relieve the poor with bread and coal.—Such is Birmingham, a place flourishing beyond all example, a place of that

peace with the MODERATE DISSENTERS.—My advice to you is, to go on in the *spirit of love and moderation* towards your Dissenting Brethren, and use your influence with others, to extinguish all *Party Spirit for ever and ever*.

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### GOSSIPS OF BOTH SEXES.

YOU can't do without a visit or two to have a Bit of Chat—My Advice to you is, to chat so as to CREATE PEACE and not ILL WILL—and if you are at a loss for a Visit, go and see that sort of poor who don't go a begging, but who are struggling hard to live, and relieve them.

### POET FREE.

I HAVE seen your Annual Card of Invitation to the Dissenters, and I admire it, and also you for writing it, and here it is copied for any body else to see:

#### SOCIETY FEAST ON FRIDAY NEXT.

SIR,

*Dinner at Half past One.*

In troublesome times, when divisions are made,  
The mind to inflame, and to prejudice trade;  
To those worthy subjects it painful must be,  
Who wish through their lives to go easy and free.  
I wish from my heart that commotions may cease,  
And men live in Harmony, Friendship, and Peace.  
Good order to keep, and enjoy free debate,  
Is the pride of a Briton—Confusion I hate.  
Of wrongs may we soon have a Peaceful Reform,  
But let us have no Revolutionary Storm.  
For Britain, Great Britain, in Commerce I trust,  
Of all other Kingdoms will long stand the first.  
Then pledge the Toast freely, again and again,  
“The KING, CONSTITUTION, and MODERATE MEN.”

Birmingham, Dec. 5, 1792.

J. FREE.

My Advice to you is, write us a good Constitutional Song directly, upon the UNANIMITY that so happily dawned on this Noble Town again on Friday the 7th of December, 1792. Aye, and mind me, Master Free, do you see as how its printed in Aris's and Swinney's Newspapers, and so as all who love our King and the Town of Birmingham, may learn it by heart, and join us in chorus. And hark ye, Mr. Poet, be sure make it a good noble chorus, like God Save the King, Rule Britannia, or Britons Strike Home!

ONE word more to moderate men on both sides the question, and I have done. You love Peace. Dont be humbugg'd out of your peaceable intentions and dispositions, by a few fly, frothy, and addle headed orators, who'll perhaps laugh at your dispositions, and call it weakness and want of spirit. Think for yourselves, and let them go on as they like. Come out from among them, and be ye separated from them, and then all the world shall see what insignificant, contemptible figures they'll cut when left by themselves.

OH! one word more before I finish, to you, who *deserve to be highly exalted* for your *meritorious* deeds, Mr. Treasurer, Secretary, and President of the new Society. I am told that you can all three amongst you *Gentlemen* raise about *Two and Sixpence*, and you are a pretty set of fellows for Treasurer, &c. Mr. Kill Master I think you are one of these Worthies; pray, Sir, did you ever see the New Drop?

AND so I conclude my Postscript, with hoping the Poet will make the new Song,

And then we will sing,  
Till we make the Streets ring,  
And tied in their Garters the Faction may swing.

*Yours to Command,*

JOB NOTT.